

A
CITY INTRIGUE:
OR, THE
Sick Lady's Cure.

A
P O E M.

WITH
The Comical Adventure between
Strephon and Sylvia.



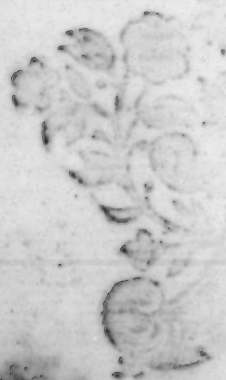
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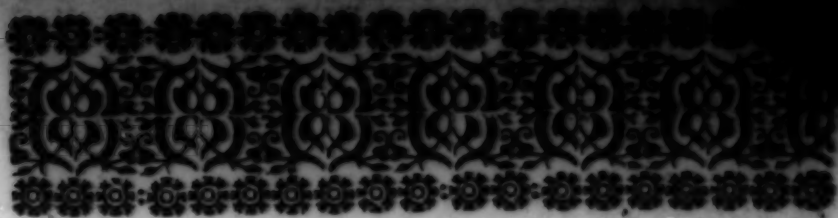
CITY INTRIGUE:

OF THE

SHIRLEY'S CIRC.

P. O. F. M.





To the Honourable

Mrs. *H----- A-----*

MADAM,

YOU and Sylvia are so intimately known to each other, that some People will be apt to take you both for the same Person. Your Faces are exactly alike, and your Behaviours differ only in this, That you have the *Wit* to preserve a little more Decorum in the Day-time. Modesty with Innocence is the peculiar

DEDICATION.

liar Charm of your Sex ; but if a young Man pretends to a continent Virtue, he must now-a-days undergo the Penalty of being thought less capable of pleasing ; and I am afraid, Strephon, notwithstanding his Tenderneſs, will be every where blam'd for his Generous Neglect. But when a Woman boldly becomes the Aggreſſor, 'tis difficult for an unaffured Youth to maintain the Field, and fight it out ; or if he hath Confidence enough, he ſhould out of Complaiſance ſometimes reſuſe to conquer. However, MADAM, 'tis eaſy for you to imagine that my Forbearance of the tempting Sylvia was more a Violence to my own Nature, than

DEDICATION.

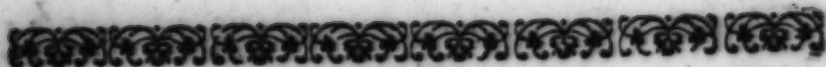
than a Cruelty done to her Affection. I am perswaded that you love Wit and Vertue more than you are wont to make appear; and yet you are so far Mistress of both, as to make me still your Admirer. I thought it most proper to lay the following Lines at your Feet, who best know the Truth of them, and therefore are the fittest Person to defend and protect them. I have taken Care to draw the Piece as Natural as may be, without making it look Disagreeable. It may serve, at least, for the Entertainment of your Tea-Table; and I dare say the chastest and most severe of your Sex may peruse it, without
any

DEDICATION.

*any great Injury to their Ver-
tue, Innocence or Honour. MA-
DAM, I am with all due Re-
spect,*

Your very Humble Servant,

S----- B-----



THE

THE Sick Lady's Cure.

THE ARGUMENT.

*How SYLVIA, a Girl just mellow,
Pin'd for a comical Young Fellow.
The simple Way he took to ease her ;
He cur'd her Pain, but did not please her.
How after that she got to Bed t' him ;
How queer he was : And what she said t' him :
He kiss'd her ; Nothing else was done in't :
However there is still some Fun in't.*

ON Monday, August Twenty Seven,
Seventeen Hundred and Eleven,

Young SYLVIA was taken plaguy
Ill with a Fever and an Ague.
Doctors were sent for in all haste,
To give Advice about her Case :

One felt her Pulse, another her Breast,
 A third her Tongue, but all confess'd,
 That she was sick, and long'd, they said,
 For some Young Fellow's Maidenhead.

But SYLVIA labour'd hard to prove,
 That she had never been in Love;
 And then deny'd her little Heart
 Susceptible of *Cupid's* Dart;
 Urging that she was scarce Fifteen,
 Was never fond, or skittish seen,
 But went to Chapel twice a Day,
 And ne'er frequented Park nor Play;
 And that besides, it well was known,
 Her Tulips yet were hardly blown.

But SYLVIA's *Maid* and great Colleague
 Being privy to the whole Intrigue,
 Step'd to her Aunt, and whisper'd o'er
 The Story of the Girl's Amour:

That

That the Young Spark, who lodg'd above,
 Was deeply rooted in her Love,
 Him she cou'd ever hear and view,
 At once with Pain and Pleasure too ;
 Whate'er he said or did, she'd tell ye,
 'Twas charming fine, tho' ne'er so silly ;
 But never wou'd disclose her Mind,
 For fear the Youth shou'd prove unkind.

Her Aunt went instantly away,
 And told him how poor SYLVIA lay ;
 What was her Sickness and her Fear——
 Desiring him to come and see her,
 And she'd go let her understand,
 Another Doctor was at hand.
 STREPHON agreed—— Now you must know
 'Tis I that SYLVIA called so.

As soon as I was drest, and come,
 The Company all left the Room ;

But

But gave me first this Admonition;
 That I must act as *sole Physician*.
 I smil'd, but knew not how to do,
 To save my self and SYLVIA too.

Cou'd she now with a tender Dart,
 But once have touch'd my stubborn Heart,
 T'd thrown my self between the Sheets,
 And play'd a thousand wanton Feats :
 But such is Beauty, such is Love,
 'Tis Fancy makes what we approve !

I view'd her as she prostrate lay,
 Musing her pensive Thoughts away :
 Her sudden Blushes and faint Sighs
 Shew'd the Distemper at her Eyes ;
 Yet very loth to own that she
 Had ever lov'd a Thing like me.
 But when she told the Story over,
 Who, except STREPHON, cou'd not love her !

I argu'd, like an honest *Swain*,
 'Twas Sin for me to cure her Pain ;
 The Law deny'd Cohabitation,
 Without the *Levite's* Operation ;
 That I cou'd love her ne'ertheless,
 And kiss her too, if that would please.

She answer'd, Love without Fruition,
 Was but a pining poor Condition ;
 And Kissing but a meer dry Crust,
 Which still augments the amorous Thirst.

Then I advis'd, 'Twas fit to tarry,
 For we were both too young to marry ;
 (At that she fondly lick'd her Lips,
 And eagerly forc'd up her Hips)
 But yet, says I, in all my Life,
 I never lik'd you for a Wife ;

How

How can I then swear to be true,
 And make Ten Hundred Vows to you,
 But hence prove false to them and SYLVIA
 [too?]

She innocently turn'd her Head,
 And gave no Heed to what I said ;
 Only desir'd me to leave her,
 For my Discourse had cur'd her Fever.
 And seeing her begin to rise,
 I left the Room with some Surprize ;
 But with a seeming Pleasure run,
 And told the Folks what I had done,
 Cur'd the Disorder of her Head,
 And left her getting out of Bed ;
 But thought it best, for Fear of new Ill,
 To feed her still with Water-grewel.

When SYLVIA found this sickly Art,
 Wou'd never conquer STREPHON'S Heart;

She

She thought it wisest to discover
 More of the Libertine than Lover ;
 And by a wittier Design,
 Swop her Virginity for mine.
 This pleasant Plot, it seems, was laid,
 One Night by SYLVIA and her *Maid*,
 When I with Company was merry
 Over a Bottle of Canary.
 SYLVIA, she being told before,
 I seldom us'd to lock my Door,
 Resolv'd into my Bed to creep,
 When thoughtless I was fast asleep.
 Hoping her Body's kind Attraction
 Wou'd surely raise me into Action.
 When we had drank our Healths around,
 'Twas Time to leave the Glass, we found ;
 And Drowsiness, that Midnight Guest,
 Calling our lazy Bones to Rest,
 We stretch'd, and gap'd at one another,
 Then parted friendly with each other :

I took

I took a Candle, walk'd up Stairs;
 Not dreaming of approaching Fears;
 I got to Bed, put out the Light,
 And so I bid my self Good Night.

By Chance a while I musing lay
 On what had happen'd in the Day;
 But just as I began to snore,
 I listen'd something at the Door.
 Hang it, thinks I, I'll never fear,
 There's none but SYLVIA durst come here.
 'Twas then, I think, past One a Clock,
 When by and by, Tick says the Lock;
 A Virgin softly enter'd in,
 And gently clos'd the Door again;
 But thought it more secure to lock it,
 And put the Key into her Pocket:
 The Fool, forgetting she was naked,
 Let fall the Key, the Devil take it;
 For I was forc'd to lie still, lest
 My Laughing shou'd have spoil'd the Jest;

And

And then breathe hard, that I might seem
 To be for certain in a Dream.
 She stood a while, then sily creep'd,
 And thinking I was sound asleep,
 She gently glided down the Bed;
 And settled her mistaken Head:

Now, betwixt Hope and Fear, we may
 Suppose the *Nymph* thus musing lay—
 When STREPHON wakes, and finds a Maid
 Between the Sheets thus kindly laid ;
 An unexpected lovely Treasure,
 Limbs and Senses ripe for Pleasure ;
 In so silent, soft a Season,
 Love and Joy will sink his Reason ;
 He will not know me in the Night,
 But surfeit me with loose Delight ;
 So shall I gull him of those Charms,
 Which he design'd Another's Arms.

At length I thought 'twas fit to keep
 No longer my dissembled Sleep ;
 But wak'd, and feeling by my Side,
 A prostrate, naked, melting Bride ;
 I'd like to have forgot my Honour,
 And thrown my self in haste upon her:
 But having turn'd my self, I cast
 My careless Arm about her Waist :
 I felt the Pantings of her Heart,
 She'd Joy and Fear in every Part :
 Loth to lie still, yet loth to move ;
 So strange a Thing it is to love.

While thus sh' expecting lay, I knew
 'Twas Time for me to Speak or Do ;
 And thus began--- SYLVIA, said I,
 (Throwing my Knee across her Thigh)
 Why all these crafty Ways of thine,
 To win this worthless Heart of mine ?

All People know you're very pretty,
 And say you're handsome, gay and witty;
 If I your Wishes don't fulfil,
 You may with Ease get one that will,
 Ne'er hope by being thus odly kind,
 To conquer my untoward Mind:
 If my Affection you wou'd sway,
 Your Charms must work another way.

She sigh'd: And who cou'd then refrain
 To kiss her once, and sigh again!
 Whilst I now hugging close the Treasure,
 Stretch'd out my wanton self at Leisure,
 O'er all her wanton Limbs of Pleasure.
 And was just going to—— At which
 Her Soul gave an ecstasick Twitch:
 She started; and away I stole,
 For fear of popping down a Hole:
 But oh! how furious is the Fire
 Of Creatures rampant with Desire!

I should have spoke again, but she
Thus smartly interrupted me—

STREPHON, 'tis now you let me know

The Consummation of my Woe :

'Tis now you teach me to endure—

This Disappointment proves my Cure.

But learn, dull STREPHON, how to prize

The next fair Conquest of your Eyes.

Whose Lot soever that may be,

Prithee don't punish her like me.

Now, to revenge my injur'd Fate,

'Tis fit I curse the Man I hate.

May you, (Grant it ye Gods above!)

Never enjoy that Thing you love.

May you find all our Sex untrue,

But find 'em so to none but you.

Then may you love some coarser Kind

And far beneath your lofty Mind :

May you pursue, but never gain ;

Like SYLVIA burn, and sigh in vain.

May

May she at last despise your Cry,
 You at her Feet beseeching lie,
 And thus unpity'd, languish, rave and die.

With that she flounces from the Bed,
 I catch'd her by the Smock, and said,
 That I would only have her stay,
 And hear what I had more to say.
 SYLVIA, said I, don't curse a Youth,
 Who's had so much Respect and Truth :
 Those Wishes may prove vain in thee,
 As all thy Hopes have done in me.
 We often find in this mad Age,
 Womens Affections turn to Rage ;
 And strait the disappointed Lover
 Implores Revenge from *Those above her*.
 Come, I'll advise you what to do,
 Learn to like one that fancies you ;
 And then shall both your Wishes meet
 To make your Love and Joy complete.

Alas !

(4)
Alas ! my Words and Actions prove,
I cannot, or I will not love :
And shall I then against my Mind,
Dishonour you to show I'm kind ?
Like *Joseph*, without a Stomach to it,
I'll sooner lose my Shirt than do it :
Besides, a weak unwilling Action
Can't give a Lover Satisfaction :
Therefore be wise, and don't reflect
On *STREPHON*'s Generous Neglect :
Consider all the Tricks you've play'd,
And then rejoice you're still a Maid :
But, *SYLVIA*, know that you're the First
And Last that shall be favour'd thus.

This done, I bus'd her under Lip,
And told her I wou'd go to Sleep :
She gently sigh'd, I softly farted,
Turn'd my Backside, and so we parted.

FINIS.

